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THE  
ENGLISH ROGUE  
A NEW  
Comedy.

As it was acted before several Persons  
of Honour with great Applause.

Written by T. Thompson.

Licensed according to Order,



LONDON,  
Printed for William Thackeray at the Golden Sugar-loaf

and William Whitwood at the Golden Lyon  
in Duck-Lane, 1668, IT.



## The Actors Names.

Plot-thrift	The English Rogue.
Cozen	His Companion.
Gonzetto	A great Lord of Venice.
Avaritius	A Userer.
Cornelio	A Citizen of Venice & a Coffe-man.
Don Aquinto	A Mountebank.
Eusames	A young decayed Gentleman.
Florentio	His friend.
A Captain	
Pego.	Gonzetto's Man.

## Womēn.

Lucibella & Clara	Daughters to Avaritius.
Priscilla	Their Maid.
Ermenia	A young Lady contracted to Eusames and beloved of Gonzetto.

The Scene Venice;



To my worthily honoured friend  
and Patroness.

MRS. ALICE BARRET.

Madam,

SO many already have assum'd it as a priviledge, that it is now become a current custome to prefix a Dedication to some one, whose Judgement and ingenuity may both grace the ambitious Author, and protect his weakness; otherwise you had escap'd the trouble of being Guardian to this Brat, whose Parent was unable to maintain it. To be plain; I have cast it at your Door, neither better nor worse to expect its fate: yet with some confidence of a favourable reception, since your Generosity and Nobleness were ever wont to correspond with Charity: whereof myself am sufficiently sensible. I beg your pardon for this offence, but cannot promise to do so no more. However I submit to your worthy self, whose intimate goodness and serenity have bitherto so far oblieged me, that I must ever (as most due) subscribe myself (as really I am)

Madam. Your most humbly devoted  
servant to command.

Tbo. Thompson.  
Tde



## The Prologue.

**A**T a New Play all Poets must tell news.  
Ye're welcome to the labour of a Muse;  
Who do's implore (and 'tis your pity worth  
Your helping hands to bring her firstling forth,  
And let me tell ye, 'tis most necessary  
Since 'tis her first you all more kind and wary,  
Shou'd you be rough and harsh in what you do,  
The brat might prove defective long of you.  
S'lid then all's spoil'd, your expectation crost  
The Muse discourag'd and her labour lost.  
Come, come, for once be kind and rul'd by me  
And let your smiles crown its Nativity.  
We question not Lucina's help, if you  
Vouchsafe her safe delivery, 'twill do,  
And that with Pomp and State, whilst ye are by  
Your presence makes it a solemnity.  
The beautys present blazing starr's appear  
As good Owens to this our hemisphear.  
Nor can we, whilst such lustre they dispence,  
Doubt of a favourable influence.  
But I digress, the gravid Muse I left  
Of all succour except bare hopes bereft.  
She's in the Midwives hands and much endures  
And cannot be reliev'd; except by yours.

Exit.



A NEW  
C O M E D Y  
Called the  
English Rogue.

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Act the First Scene the First.

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Enter Plot-shrift and Cozen.

Plot. See I'm Fortunes Favorite to the End

I In a strange place to meet my dearest Friend !  
But prithee tell me Ben. how has thy politick  
pate maintain'd thy Nobleness ? I am sure you needs must  
thrive, Since by your last Letter to me at Madrid I was in-  
formed you have banish'd the Conecit of Marriage.

Coz. O yes, I thank my Fate that fancy flew quickly, and

B ever

ever since in your Art I have been no small practitioner.

*Plot.* But how did your Mistress Selina relish it? That Admirable Doxie!

*Cox.* Doxie indeed! whose lascivious life, had it been concealed till I had married her, had ruined me for ever! ☒

*Plot.* What Man, the chaste, the virtuous Selina!

*Cox.* No the unchaste, vicious Selina! whom (after my Annual Services of Adoration to her Shrine, and unfeign'd vows of being hers constant for ever) I found to be as foul within, as I esteemed her fair without.

*Plot.* Why this is fine & faith. By *Jove Ben*: Ile tell thee these women are just like weather Cocks, that turn too and fro at every puffe of wind: So they are as fickle in setting their Love on any one man, as a Phanatick Parton's unwilling to alter his Religion when he is forced to Conferm or loose his Benefice.

*Cox.* I have found it so.

*Plot.* 'Tis a remarkable observation, that any man that has eyes and ears must of necessity credit it: but there are some such Buffs in this land, that won't believe what their ears have heard, or eyes have seen: but take their Wives as we do Conies to pen up, whilst every Dame to requite the kindness, will find a conveniency to tempt the next young Gallant that passes into her Chamber, and there discharge the burthen of her desire without the least consideration of making her Husband a Cuckold:

*Cox.* That's most certain.

*Plot.* Most certain and you so certainly besotted as resolve to marry; I thought the little practice you had made in my Art might have been a sufficient Emblem to demonstrate all women's levity.

*Cox.* Prithe no more of't: I am as far from having a good thought of women's constancy, as ever I was, and once you know

know I was your only scholar, had your cunning aduantages, (and if without boasting) can say I still retain it.

*Plot.* Then let us plot and practise: this is a City affords good faces, wee'l instantly go view it, you one way, I another; but be sure before you strike search out the nature of the creature.

*Coz.* Never fear it, Ile warrant thee boy hit right:

*Plot.* That done you cannot miss entrance into any *Venetian Dame*, for my part I doubt not my rogery will never faile getting me a Mistres, though it were in the Land of Chastity.

*Coz.* I confide something too in mine.

*Plot.* Come then lets to our Inne, there weel I sever:

*As thou hast begun, good Fortune help us ever / exount.*

## Act first, Scen second.

*Enter Gonzetto solus.*

*What sudden alteration do I find,  
That does so please and yet torment my minde!*

I know no reason for it: there was nothing in the Masque last night but what was pure and splendid.

*Ladies as fair*

*And beautiful as is the morning star !*

*Now I have priv d into a secret Art,*

*That Ladies glittering Eyes can wound a heart !*

*I must to fair Ermenia a captive be,*

*I'm her Adorer, she my Deity !*

*Enter Ermenia and Florentio.*

*But here she comes : She's Beauties Paragon !*

*Erm. You have your answer Sir and may be gone.*

*To Floremio.*

Flo. Since Madam, I'm dismiss'd so scornfully, I woud  
To move a change I must presumptuous be, and thond i thinke  
Think on the good Eusames miseries, he  
Who like a careful penitentiary, will now a penitent  
Bedewes his bed with tears, as they are due  
To discontent, and all for love of you!

Erm. Why Sir for me ? he knows it is in vain

To hope Ermecias love to reobtain.

First let him change his coat of poverty,  
To wealth and honour : and then think of me.

Flo. Let not your height contemne his humble state,

But Saint-like pity the unfortunate !

He once was high too, but in each degree

Where he did love, he lov'd with constancy !

Since first he lov'd you, to that love he's true,

Yet suffers Martyr-like for love of you.

Erm. I believe once he lov'd me well indeed,

And mine did equal his ( if not exceed) aside and

But I consider'd not the miseries sighing.

Of marriage then, which now I do despise,

A maiden life all others does excel :

Pray tell Eusames this, and so farewell.

offers to go out.

Flo. Pray Lady say : one request does remain.

He ask no more,

Erm. Then that you shall obtain.

Gon. She turns again, I doubt he will it h' end.

Make a deep interest in her for his friend, aside.

But be it how it will, ill overheat :

I am too lofty to be touch'd by fear.

Flo. Are you resolv'd always to live a maid?

Erm. I mention'd not how long but thus I said

To follow.

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A Maidens life excels all other lives:

Flo. But Maids contrite are as good as wives!

(spoken whisperingl)

Ermenia swoonds.

Flo. O me! she swoonds!

Gon. That story in the ear

Has made her pride fall, and my spirit fear.

Ermenia breaths.

Gon. She breathes again,

Flo. Madam how are you now?

Erm. Well, but better had I made no vow

To poor Eusames: Florentio weel withdraw.

Flo. Ile follow Madam, your will is my law.

exit Ermenia.

Re powers of love and friendship crown the end

Of this design with comfort for my friend !

exit Florentio.

Enter Gonzerro.

Great God of love, what mighty power unknown

Hast thou now us'd to mee, more then thy own?

It was thy conduct sure and thy design,

And not thy power alone that vanquisht mine:

As a great Captain in the wars to his Name

Of every conquest gain'd, yoynes all the Fame,

Though it was not only by his power, but also by his conduct

But by the Armies by his Conduct brought:

So when thy power could not do alone

Thou didst lead her troops of virtues etc.

*And now too soon I feel by my surprise  
Thou hast not only darts but peircing eyes !  
Then as thou art great and powerful bee Just !  
I am enforc'd to love, and love I must.*

Enter Captain.

The news Captain, any Letters from the Army yet to his Highness ?

Cap. Yes Sir last night.

Gon. Are the contents divulg'd ?

Cap. Yes some two daies since half our army was besmear'd with blood, the other half took flight, and the fam'd Carionis with some number of cheif Commanders were surrounded with a multitude of Enemies, and almost hopeless of ever seeing Venice agen : yet when they heard our noble General cry, fight, fight, fight for Venice till you dye, they with such vigour redoubled their blows, adding wounds to wounds, blood to blood, dead to the dead, till by the favour of that potent God, with whom it is to give the victory, they through the Multitude quickly run their way, and after for that night sounded a retreat

*And in the interim receiving a supply  
Early next morn refac'd the enemy,*

Whose Army in number doubled ours, but at the first onset with manly courage

— We dispers'd them quite,

Part we took prisoners, part we put to flight.

The rest lay gasping on the ground frustrate of future hope or remedy,

— Few escaped alive.

Of last nights newes this is a Narrative :

Gon.

*Gon.* I joy we were so successful in the end, though to our loss at first.

*Cap.* I could have gladly wish'd my self there, but that I was commanded to the contrary.

*Gon.* I credit you Captain, you have done your Country good service.

*Cap.* My Lord I must retire.

*Gon.* Farewell good Captain.

*exit Captain.*

*I know not what to think much less to do !*

*I am in the flames and now I must go through ;*

*Why should I dote on one that is so mean ?*

*But shee that's lovely to love is a Queen !*

*Ermenia thee I love, thy love I crave*

*Which if my wealth and fame can gain I'll have !*

*I fear no rivals, I've a double fate,*

*Too wealthy for contempt, too high for hate !*

*exit.*

### Scen third.

Enter Florentio and Ermenia.

*Erm.* Florentio what it's said ile do, provided he  
Without contempt a constant Lover be.

*Flo.* Madam !

*Be you as kind as he will constant prove  
And make his joys as perfect as his love.*

*I dare protest by 'very Deity,*

*He'll ne'r be guilty of infidelity !*

*Erm.* Then while I live ile love him : tell him this  
Though many court me, yet my heart is his.

*exit Ermenia.*

*Flo.*

Flo. So I have prevail'd and for joy could fly,  
To tell Eusames of my victory!  
O may the god of love, as he's begun,  
Unite these too contrari'd hearts in one!

Enter Eusames.

See here he comes : ile stand aside  
To know how his thoughts fixed are  
Whether to hope or fear or to despair,  
Or whether he will into a passion fall,  
For it're a double joy to banish all.

Eus. How joyfully the birds with warbling notes  
Salute the morning through their gentle throats !  
But day no sooner does appear to mee,  
But I complain a fresh of misery  
In love ! imperious love !  
Affit a'retched youth thou caus'd all this  
And 'tis thy power alone can work my bliss !  
I cannot, dare not hope my friend can bee  
So prevalent to rega'z her love to mee.  
She is grown high, and yet must higher grow,  
While I, for love of her, must fall too low !

offers to go out

(Eusames turns back and falls into a trance.)

Flo. Stay, stay Eusames !  
What struck dum with fear  
Of the sad newes you do expect to hear  
From me ?

Eusames

Euf. Most Flattery here.

It is no pleasure for me to hear !

Flo. For love I mor'd, but he her late husband,

And having so resolv'd, she thus reply'd :

A Maiden-life all other loves exceed,

Pray tell Eufemias this, and so farewell !

Euf. Then love farewell for ever !

And though I am all my woes I am betray'd,

By thy resolute to live and dye a maid,

I will not wish that thou mayst live and dye

Such an unpitied, martyr'd one as I !

offers to go out.

Flo. Be not so hasty : there remains behind

A sentence from her, you'll esteem more kind

Then was the other cruel !

— While I live I'll love him : tell him this

Though many court me, yet my heart is his.

Euf. O tantalize me not with hopes so vain !

Can she so hate, so quickly love again

As if she had her former scorn forgot ?

Flo. If you can think me false, believe me not.

Euf. Then I must credit it, O how the joy

and loss of thy successe my miseries destroy :

My heart's enliv'n'd with a fresh relief,

And double Comfort's due arise from grief !

So Palms prest down, do ever rise the more,

And spices bruise'd smell sweeter than before.

Flo. There's nothing now remaineth but your absence,

To compleat hers and your own happiness,

For if a Maidens vow was ever true

No doubt she loves as fervently as you.

You need no amanuēs since you know the way  
Haste too her then, 'tis dangerous to delay.

Euf. I will, yet ere I go will recommend  
A parcel of poor chalks to you my friend.

Flo. Spend no more time in complementing me,  
My recompence is thy felicity.

Couldst thou enjoy Etimeta for thy Bride  
I for my worthless paine was satisfied  
But you loose thine.

Euf. Ne that a loyal friendship does regard  
Heaven with happiness will him reward.

*exit severally.*

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### Scen fourth.

*Enter Plot-thrust and Cozen.*

Plot. And how and how? prethee begin, how are all  
things at Court?

Coz. O right to a hair, as I could wish or desire, the Ladies  
very pleasant and free, the Gallants very complacent and sim-  
ple, out of which I have pickt out one to play upon, he is in-  
quality and ability one of the cheif, and as I take it a very fine  
fool for our purpose.

Plot. His Name?

Coz. Don Gonzato, and for mirth to make up your Ro-  
guery, there is one Pego his man is reported for the prettiest  
dreaming Puppy that Venice can boast off.

Plot. Why then I perceive the Master and man are like to  
be.

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be finely headed if they come into my presence; but how hast contriv'd it?

Coz. O this great Don is very desperately in love with a young Citty Dame, and I perceive by his clipt tongue he wants a good Orator.

Plot. With a young Citty Dame?

Coz. So I was inform'd.

Plot. Good luck send it be the fame I heard off, for now ile tell thee Ben. part of my progress, I was no sooner got into the body of the Citty, but I was crept into a crowd of acquaintance: Ladies by whole sale, and Citizens by Bakers dozens, amongst which I think I have pickt out two of the most pretious Ningles that the whole Citty affords: Fellows as rich as they are simple, and that I am sure is beyond expression: the one is S. Don Aquinto a high and mighty Mountebank wherewears he has done many wonderful and remarkable cures, but if I don't catch his coxcomb into a trap, that all his medicines shall never draw him out, let him report me no man of my trade. His whole discourse be it where it will, so there be any body to hear him, is of his cramp stage talk, of his great Cures of the *Uvula*, the *Choliaca passio*, the *Polippus*, with the rest as *Morbus Gallicus &c.* which is enough to tire a crew of patient Saints were they his companions, but that he has this good faculty, when the reckoning is call'd, his purse shall be sure to pay fort; the second is one Seignior *Cornelio* a very comical *Coffee-man*, and such another *Ignoramus*, but that his tongue does not so much betray his simpleness. But here's the point, these two Coxcombs, are very passionately taken with two yoting Ladies, daughters to one *Avaritius* a rich reported Ulster, and in short by my discourse finding their own weakness, and my efficacy in *Arte Amandi* very nobly retained me for their Agent.

Coz. There indeed you have got the start of me, but ile follow close.

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Mr. Hatch. Let it be your care to bring ~~Concern~~ to our end of the Town among my crew that we may tye them all of a knot, and then we'll so swing them; this evening we shall be at Cornelius' Coffee-house.

Cox. Then there ile be sure to meet you with my ~~Don~~.

Plot. Do so far as I remember I was also informed ~~Avaritius~~ had a lovely Neece too, courted by many high Persons of which perhaps he may be one, and then our plot lyes in a lumpy and must needs goe current.

Cox. But have you yet seen any of these Ladies?

Mr. Yes, and they are as pretty Creatures as ever I see, fair and each has a promising countenance of a very free disposition, the Mother of the two Sisters was an English-woman. I have a plot for them both.

Cox. But when will you put it in practise?

Plot. Forthwith, lets go visit them instantly our countenance suitable to the Mode, our Persons proper, and for our tongues they need no tipping; but one thing always obser'd Ben. let not our Roguery extend to any criminal fact, that may merit the halter or the like, but tend only to a self interest; then

*None will endeavour to condemn his Part,  
That plays the Rogue, and injures not the State.*

Excuse.

Finis Actus Primi.

Acto

Act second. Scene first.

Gonetto. Coz.

Gon. SIR, I like you well, and he adm'd that all my  
powers shall be employed to do you service.

Coz. Ye're truly generous.  
And 'tis my happiness I never could hope for  
After so many hours of adverſe fortune  
To relish Safety in so full an harbour  
And meet the favour of so good a Patron  
Just in the nick of my disp'ſe. But Sir,  
My future diligence and industry  
In whatso'e you use me, shall declare  
How I can love and serve so good a Master.

Gon. Nobly spoken: accept me as your faithful friend.  
My house is yours pray Sir be bold and welcome.

Coz. I shall now take the confidence to think  
That all past troubles of my youth, were of purpose by for-  
tune meant, to make me relish now  
These sweets more partly.

Gon. Very likely;  
And I must further add, that all her former kindness,  
Did less oblige than this single one  
Of making me the object of your friendship.  
But come Sir, will it please you take a dish of Coffe to di-  
gest the news of the Diurnal.

Coz. With all my heart! Sir I attend you: pray Sir —

Gon. 'Twere better be absurd than troublesome,

Exeunt.

Scen.

## Scen second.

Plot-thrift, Coriolio, Aquino at the Coffee-house.

Plot. **C**oriolio,

Cor. I will not break your word.

Plot. Here's your Money Don Aquino the Mountebank.

Cor. How!

Plot. Mum's the no notice till you meet occasion,

Cor. Enough,

Aquin. Here a dish of Checkmate.

Plot. Of your best I thank you.

Cor. You shall sit.

Plot. Well, and how goes the life packquets, do the remedies go soundly off ha' you good takings, hat?

Aquin. Troth well,  
I find the people free and much inclin'd to do themselves and me good.

Cor. This is he, that strives to dam my trade by making strange speeches against Coffe — but I shall have something to say to his balderdalh complication of hard words presently — are you for Coffe sir?

Aquin. No sir, the Berry is much degenerated from its proper vertue here in Venice by anabsur'd commixiture which readers it very unwholesome.

Cor. Sir mine's as good as any's in Venice.

Aquin. That may very easily be when there's none good at all.

Cor. Tis the property of fools to condemn what they understand not.

Aquin. Of fools Sir?

Cor.

Howe sit of folly. But this is indeed a fool, — think you him? —

*Caz.* Now it works i' faith.

*Plot.* Nay good Aquin———

*Cor.* I, I, do kill me, you have no remedy against an helpe  
holde's hope : there / ruptum agen.

*Plot.* Nay pray sir be pacified — see here comes strangers.

### Gonetto, Corin.

*Cor.* Sir I ha' sold Corfice this twenty years and have liv'd a  
man of reputation.

*Aquin.* What man of honour shold best with such a Bas-  
cal, that has livid upon parched heuns, and boild water  
theire twenty year by his own confession.

*Cor.* Come pray Gentlemen let us moderate the busyness,

*Cor.* A man of honour, a pitiful Mountebank, a dull de-  
coying Fortune-teller, an impudent close-bureg'd imposser,  
one that gets his living meery by chocking the multitude with  
hard words, and a little dirty dogs-turd compounding with a  
strange conjuring charm, *Hyperbollosion-bombas* or the like ?  
a man of honour ?    *ha, ha, ha.* That excellent i' faith.

*All:* *ha, ha, ha.*

*Cor.* Yee shall but here's pray give me leave, who is he that  
cures all diseases, and performs all Chytrical operations.  
He dextrously coucheth the cataract or suffusion, helps all  
rheumes, specks, *Ounguls* or the nail in the eyes, dimness,  
pearls, weakness. He has the best remedies i' th world for  
all pains, sicknesses *Megrum Vertigo* at the distinges of the head  
he cures and cures cancers, wens, lote-breasts *noli me tangere*,  
as also *Meribus gallius*, or the French P O X, ( in gmar le-  
ters ) running o'th reins, and in a word all diseases and di-  
stempers incident to the body of man woman or child be it  
boy or girl,    *All, ha, ha, ha ha...*

*Plot.*

15. The Duke of Alva, & the Countess of the Conwell, say  
that you have a right to the hand of the Princess, & that she  
will be a good wife to you, & that you will be a good husband.

Car. I thank you for your good words, but I have  
already made up my mind to marry the Princess of Spain.  
Ptof. You are a fool, & you will be sorry for it. But I am  
sure you will change your mind when you see her.

Car. I do not care about her looks, but in you they

are excellent. I have known you for many years, & you and I  
have always been very good friends. I have seen great progress in your  
love with the Princess, & I hope you will have a plot to make ye happy.

Car. With all my heart, and when shall we finish and come  
to the purpose?

Ptof. We are not farre off now, but you [say] phifer,  
Ges. Well, when we have our dinner, it must needs be time.

Car. I will be ready in half an hour.

Ptof. I will be there in half an hour. We must go to meet a  
summons to the King. He is given with some incivilities.

Car. So we will goe to him againe.

Ptof. I will goe to him, & you may goe to the  
Countess of the Conwell, & tell her to bring the  
wheel of Fortune.

Ptof. We be much more at the same pefter without it. I am the  
Agnes. Your command. Countess of the Conwel. Car. Agnes!

Car. My dearest Gentleman,

So little value is cleane, there's no way you say but by  
this concomitato procure her law, and her fathers consent.

Car. I will doo all I can to help you, but I am afraid ill.

*Plot.* No, for put case she loves, as I dare warrant she does yet there must be something closely acted, that may make it sure, and not when we have brought our building to the height to be ruin'd with a puff.

*Cer.* Well I am resolv'd to spend all my estate in conti-  
vances but I will have my mind.

*Plot.* And I mine ---- *afide.*  
But come lets to the Tavern, and there wee'l plot to  
accomplish all.

*Cer.* Shall wee, a match then come on, *Exeunt.*

### Scene third.

Avaritius, Lucibella, Clara.

*Ava.* What stories are these I hear, *Lucibella*, ha what are  
they *Lucibella* & speak *Clara*, concerning two  
Youngsters.

that were tampering to speak with you under the notion of  
business ? what say you ?

*Clar.* Only two young Gentlemen that desire your leave  
to try our wits by spending an hour in discourse with us now  
and then.

*Ava.* S'lid ile h'none of that, if ye have a mind to husbands  
ye shall love and like where I please or ile know why not.

*Luci.* That will be pritty i'faith, so we shall couple with  
two old Citizens, that are already grown out of fashion for  
want of the rudiments of Gentility in their youth, together  
with two much brooding over their books and bags in their  
counting house.

*Ava.* Come come I have a couple of Husbands for yo,  
grave and rich ; and have ordered them to come to day upon  
a likeing, in the mean time trick your selves up handisomly  
and prepare to entertain them with discretion.

## Cozen, Plot-thrift

*Plot.* S'lid lets baulk the old man, stand close

*Ava.* Well I must straight to the Exchange, where possibly  
I may meet them and conduct 'em hither. *Exit.*

*Plot.* Save ye Ladies! we are somewhat bold to interrupt  
your privacies.

*Coz.* But we hope to find an easie pardon.

*Luc.* That's easily granted Gentlemen.

*Plot.* No doubt on't.

*Coz.* I durst have thought as much ere I came in.

*Cla.* A very pritty humour; their both handsome men, pray  
heav'n I misconster not their errand.

*Plot.* Madam so strange a curiositie has urg'd me to this  
boldnes; I found it vain to resist: And to be plain we came  
with a resolution to love and serve you; smile on me? Ma-  
dam, I'me yours body and soul.

*Luc.* Very blunt and pathetical!

*Cla.* Troth I see I must be fain to put my self forward, Sir  
methinks you might be doing.

*Coz.* Doing Madam?

*Cla.* Yes doing somthing.

*Coz.* Faith any thing with you Madam?

*Cla.* Ha ha ha, now he comes on two fast:

*Plot.* Now am I so mad with love, that by my virginity, I  
shall never be sober till you quit me of that oath.

*Luc.* Then you may chance to dye raving.

*Plot.* Say you so? If I do, I am resolv'd my Ghost shall  
walk and haunt you till it fright you into the same condition.

*Cla.* How shall I know that?

*Coz.* Now I think on't my affection's in expressable.

*Cla.* Well excus'd however,

*Plot.*

*Plot.* Come what say ye, shall we make a mad match on't  
*Luc.* As how I pray ?

*Plot.* Why, make a resolution to love one another, reciprocally in spight of Fate and the malice of the Devil.

*Luc.* Suppose I make this blind covenant, and you or I after we have feasted our appetites with those delights, may chance to clog our stomachs, and then turn to neglect, and fail in your appointed Articles, what shall be the forfeit for every such default ?

*Plot.* Why faith on your side to be tongue ty'd, and lye alone.

*Luc.* Good, and on yours — Cuckoldome, or so.

*Plot.* Agreed i'faith.

*Luc.* In faith agreed.

*Coz.* One denial more, and by the love I bear you, which is as safe and sound as any roach, ile turn Astronomer and hate all women in general.

*Cla.* Well, hang't for once ile make a blind bargain on't and buy a pig in a poke ?

*Plot.* And how goes squares Ben.

*Coz.* Faith, very roundly ! we have made a short cut on't.

*Plot.* So, so, then we'l be merry, laugh and lye down, dance and sing in spight of the old mans opposition, but first lets sing, what say ye Ladies ?

*Luc.* What you please.

*Cla.* I, I, come come, we'l help to make a Chorus.

Sung by *Plot-tbrift* and *Cozen.*

What need we use many beseeches  
 Or trouble our brain with long speeches.

If we love 'tis enough

Hang Poetical stuff

*As the rule of Honesty teaches*

**Chor.** *If we love 'tis enough*

*Hang Poetical stuff*

*As the rule of honesty teaches.*

*Why should we stand whining like fools.*

*Or woe by platonical rules*

*If they love we'l repay't*

*If not let 'em say't*

*What need they the help of the Schools.*

**Cho.** *If they love &c.*

3.

*But this must be won by Romances*

*And that by verse and fine dances*

*A third do's delight*

*In a song yet at night.*

*You must crack a string which she fancies.*

**Cho.** *A third do's delight, &c.*

4.

*This must be extoll'd to the sky;*

*That you can get, do but flatter and lye;*

*But that Ladi's for me*

*That loves fine and free*

*As real and ready as I.*

**Cho.** *But that Ladi's for me*

*That loves fine and free*

*As real and ready as I.*

*Luc.* I protest a very pleasant one.

*Cla.* Of your own composure I suppose.

*Plot.* An abstract drawn from our humour and disposition,  
Madam.

*Cla.* 'Tis well ay'd too.

*Coz.* You jeer Madam,

*Cla.* You mistake Sir.

*Enter Priscilla.*

*Pris.* Madam *Lucibella* your Father's coming down street with two Gentlemen homeward.

*Plot.* Upon my life *Aquinto* the Mountebank and *Cornelio* the Coffee-man, what shall's do *Ben*.

*Coz.* Let 'm come weel not bark them weel wheedle them into an opinion that wee were acting in their behalfe aforehand that they might be entertained with more familiarity and greater courtesy.

*Plot.* And for the old Man, Ladies with your leaves wee'l undertake to allay his pettish humour.

*Luc.* Well Gentlemen use your own discretion.

*Coz.* And you yours with your new Suitors.

*Cla.* Sir, they enter.

*Enter Avaritus.*

*Ava.* Come Daughters — how? — here's a new trick i'faith — Pray Gentlemen what acquaintance have you here.

*Plot.* O Sir,

*Ava.* O me no O's sir, ye owe me nothing sir.

*Coz.* But pray fir.

*Ava.* Pray me no prays sir, pray to God if — ye're so minded sir, Pray fir quoth A —

*Plot.* S'lid sir ye are a man of the perversest humour, that ever I met since I suck'd milk; what are you sir, that you'l neither be spoken too nor give an Answer.

*Caz.* One wou'd ha'thought your age and long experience should

shou'd have taught you more civility to strangers, then thus to tyrannize, though in your own house.

*Ava.* You say well sir.

*Clar.* However they come to know it, they've nick't his humor right, Th' old mans chollar falls.

*Plot.* Now sir ye're something more a man-----

*Ava.* What then? speak.

*Plot.* Why pray sir.

*Ava.* Pray sir agen?

*Plot.* —Have but a little patience and I'll tell you the whole story. —

*Ava.* Story? that were fine i' faith, do I stand here to hear stories? Sir tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. quoth he.

*Coz.* Why so ye shall if you'll but lend an ear —

*Ava.* No Sir ile lend neither of my ears.

*Coz.* Then keep 'em till the Pillory claims it own.

*Luc.* Nick, Nick,

*Cla.* Excellent!

*Plot.* I see hee's uncapable of any civil society, ile c'ne rant him, *Ben.* observe my stile.

*Coz.* Enough, proceed.

*Plot.* Venerable Sir, I shall take my leave --- hark ye sir, I small have somthing to say t'ye in some other place, for extortian and bribery the two dam'd sins 'oth age.

*Coz.* You may remember sir the defference between you and young *Mr. Lovib* concerning a morgage, where you had like to have screwed him to part with one half of his Estate to secure the other.

*Plot.* And then to stop his mouth compounded with him for half in half.

*Ava.* Gentlemen —

*Coz.* Nay this is not all.

*Coz.*

*Coz.* Remember sir how ye abused his Highness's bounty, which was to be distributed amongst six Justice of Peace for their good service i'ch sickness time, when you with your two comrades, got it into your own hands, you cast out the other three Justices and proved your own carvers.

*Ava.* How —

*Plot.* Nay sir there's a Petition like to be exhibited by Justice *Gizard* and the other two injured parties, 'twas a high indignity, and his Highness must know it.

*Cla.* 'Tis fit he should by this light.

*Ava.* Well Gentlemen, I must withdraw, I beg your pardons — O my sad heart, what to do, what to do! *Exit*

*Luc.* Is he gone?

*Plot.* Ile warrant you for ever returning till wee are gone.

*Coz.* VVee netted his Justice-ship i' faith.

Enter *Prif.*

VWhat news now.

*Prif.* Heres *Don Aquinto* and *Cornelio* are very desirous to see you Ladies.

*Plot.* Prithee entertain 'em a while ith Hall and shew them the fine pictures. Ladies these are the men whose spokesmen we are to represent, and first *Don Aquinto* the mountebank, is one who spends all his estate besides his little brains in inventing hard words for sublime Courtship and employing others to take presidents out of the greatest wits in Christendome for that purpose.

*Coz.* The other in his expression so low and blunt, that an hour with him is an absolute divertiſment.

*Cla.* Hark is not that their tread? — *noise of feet.*

*Plot.* Doubtless, let us retire Ladies for fear of maring your pastime.

*Luc.* Pray do if you please, behind the Arras away, away,

*They conceal themselves.*

*Luc. Clar. Aquin. Corin.*

*Aquin.* I have heard of Cherubins and Seraphins, but never saw I Angels cloathed in flesh before.

*Luc.* A high sublime conceit.

*Flor.* Pox 'twas a complement an Age ago made to two Persons of Honour by a student of Cajus Col. an intimate friend of mine.

*Cor.* Mrs. Clara, let me not live to fill one dish of Coffee more, but dye like a fool suddenly without making my will if I don't love ye --- most heartily.

*Cla.* Thank ye, thank ye.

*Aquin.* All the Cœlestial beauties of the heavens, compounded in one only object, cou'd not more afflict and press these weaker opticks which (as those lesser lights call'd stars, do vanish and disappear at Phæbus rising glory) are as it were obscur'd by your too glorious aspect.

*Luc.* Methinks you should have done well to have brought a preservative against weakness of eyes along with you knowing what a powerful object they were to encounter.

*Aquin.* True Madam, but men that are employ'd about affairs beyond the moon, cannot stoop to consider matters subluminary; those men whose larger souls still aim at things immortal, know not how to condiscend to converse with infernal mortality.

*Cor.* I Ma'am, you may say what you please, but I protest my heart is as full of love, as a Church bucket full of water.

*Cla.* Good, or as an empty oystershell's full of brains.

*Cor.*

*Cor.* What you please Madam.

*Luc.* You much oblige me Sir  
And I cou'd wish ye had spent your Ceraphick courtship.  
On a more worthy and deserving object.

*Aquin.* Pardon me Madam,

I must not bear you set so low my estimate  
On your high merit, I must be bold  
To rectify your judgement, and inform you  
Of a mistake, that none but your fair self  
Dare have committed without apparent cause,  
Namely that you should seem to insinuate  
Your matchless self, excell'd by any the  
How beauteous soever. I could run over  
The various beauties of all foreign beauties;  
*English, Italian, French and Dutch*  
Such vast experience has much travel taught me  
With the Fashions, Customs, Laws, constitutions  
Allow'd and rais'd to each of them:  
And yet all these and many more fam'd places  
Are destitute of half that excellency  
And divinity you still bear about you.

*Plst.* What a plaguy company of lyars the Romane has  
wrought upon one bosom.

*Luc.* Your language Sir has spoken you worthily, and with-  
all I am so well versed of your generosity and nobleness,  
that I must needs blush and own the conquest you already  
gained over my affection and weakness. I heard your noble  
Friend speak in your commendation and exaltment, as grecul-  
ly as gripping Miters hitten to the wills of their chosen friends  
wherein they are possell of large revenues.

*Aquin.* He's my dearest and most faithful friend whom I am  
proud to intrust with the disposing of my most nice affairs.

*Luc.* Sir, he shall be ever acceptable to from you.

*Aquin.* Immortal thanks, divinest Lady

*Cla.* Well Scignior Cornelio: here's my hand; and as I  
love my --- thou art a pretty fellow, wou'd I were a young  
wench for thy sake.

*Cor.* O Madam, I take you at your wish i'faith. He en'te to  
the old Justice immediately: did i'm so one/oy'ds --- I know  
not how my breeches hang, farewell sweet Madam: I must  
straight to Plot-brist and tell him this good news, farewell  
sweet Mistress.

*Luc.* Sweet servant yours.

*Exit Cor.*

*Aquin.* Madam some extraordinary affaires exact my pre-  
sence at Exchange, I humbly take my leave and shall never be  
forgetfull to employ my friend in my own absence to com-  
memorate my best services to your honoured self, your ser-  
vant sweet Ladies.

*Both.* Yours Sir.

*Luc.* Y'Vet send you out.

*Aquin.* By no means Ladies, you shall excuse me. *Exit*

*Plot.* Cuz. *Luc.* *Cla.*

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Luc.* Now now Gentlemen, could you hear all this while  
and not be maledict.

*Cla.* Faith *Cuz.* how didst like it, did wee not play our parts  
worthy your applause.

*Cuz.* O incomparably.

*Plot.* Faith /we'd all had been spoyl'd, yea jeer'd them so  
kearn.

*Luc.* Nay thou'rt leſt beholding to Nature for allowing e'm  
ſo many oantes of beard, ſcarlily to one drama of apprehenſion.

*Cla.* Come what shall wee do,

*Luc.*

*Luc.* I what indeed.

*Cla.* Faith and troth let's take a walk together, and so with a littla fresh air digest our late pleasant banquet.

*Fox.* With all our hearts, and then we'll consider more leasurely about accomplishing our desired ende.

*Plot.* Faith well adviz'd, come lets away we shall ore reach their graveties.

*As wisely said Lucellus  
Old men are fools, when young men seek to gallants.*

*Explicit Act second.*

---

### Act third, Scen first.

Enter Eufanes about to throw himself upon the point of his sword and Florentio putting it off with his foot.

*Euf.* Persue me not Florentio! let me dye,

Since she is quible of inconstancy.

*Flo.* Can you so much your Christian shoulders for to murder life for a false woman's sake?

*Euf.* Could you endure so much misery,

Still to be dying and yet never die?

*Flo.* Can you so soon to misery bid farewell,

To meet with endless miseries in hell?

Supress this passion or it will endor

Those noble arts which you have hadred too,

Confound (what hiberro you've gain'd) a Name;

Destroy your parts and murder your good Name.

*Euf.* What friendly counseil's given me wher'e

By those who never felt the like disease?

*Once more consider : that you can't come*

Great honour and virtue ! may what's worse  
O'er you and sacred Dauids, plus professor !  
Our brevis that we their pious laws observe.

*Tis not your dying that can recover  
Your lost content, for though a desperate lover,  
Self-murder makes you die - from; for every  
From whence ther's no recovery ! no never !*

Elo. When you destroy that life which beauty did give.

**AMERICAN DIVISIONS AT TRADES TOWN**  
**ON THE RIVER ST. JOHNS.**

**Euf.** The minerals all have the same taste  
What is the taste of the water and mercury?  
The water has a taste of salt.  
Mercury has a taste of salt.  
Saw, your Emissaries so inconsistent people.  
They are not consistent people.

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Enf.

Eus. Villor Elarentio that shan' mifl me do nothin' whi  
 Flo. Friends self murder's Friendships make  
 Eus. O that shall I Ettemilia's lambs bring  
 Flo. To hope for favour now is but in vain  
 Flo. Nothing impossible with the power above  
 Eus. O that they would but pity one in love  
 Flo. Come fear not all things will work forth best  
 Mean time to sleep your passion wants some rest.  
 Exeunt.

## Scen second.

Enter Pior-christ, and Cozen.

Plot. Now what think you on't Ben?  
 Coz. Faith but indifferent.  
 Plot. I have a double fear: I feel a kind of an itch of hon-  
 esty within me, down right honesty to *Lucibella*.  
 Coz. And I to *Clara* as I am a Christian.  
 Plot. But I fear 'will never agree with us long.  
 Coz. As much fear I.  
 Plot. And then the small comfortable lives the poor  
 wretches will have.  
 Coz. Nay I must confess they will be well hop'd up with  
 two staid husbands.  
 Plot. Yes like town bulls riding upon 'll they can leap.  
 But hangh'chandisome English Girls and good fortunes may  
 tye us close to their tails in tyme.  
 Coz. O fie banish the conceit of  
 Marriage! what loose all the plea-  
 sures of a single life, to be constrain-  
 ed to the humour of one foolish Woman? no visiting of the  
 Taverns without a peal from home; no courting of a handsome  
 Lady.

( in a jeering way.)

Lady without a score of scratches and the like; these were your own words sir.

*Plot.* Well they were so, I deny it not, nor am I yet resolv'd to do't: yet I am prompted much, Money and Beauty are two taking bates and must prevail.

*Coz.* Well conclude and ile joyn with you, either put forward or draw off: I dare swear they are honest.

*Plot.* Of that lets make a sound tryal.

*Coz.* Agreed.

*Plot.* To what an honest part my labors tend,  
No roguery but has some honest end.

Lets to them.

Enter Lucibella and Clara.

*Coz.* See here thy are,

*Plot.* So, so, now Ben. follow my free fawning way directly and observe my motions.

*Coz.* Enough.

*Plot.* O my dear *Luci.*

*Coz.* O my dear *Clara.*

*Lnc.* O dear Gentlemen.

*Cla.* Well met.

*Plot.* Whither march you Ladies?

*Luc.* To visit sir.

*Plot.* Who Lady? Man, Woman, Boy or Girl or what?

*Lnc.* You are very inquisitive.

*Plot.* 'Tis the nature of the Country Madam.

*Luc.* 'Tis not your Nature I hope.

*Plot.* Perhaps while I am here, no longer.

*Luc.* Pray heaven it be not.

(aside)

Why to tell you true, we are going to neither man, woman, boy nor girl, but yet may meet many.

etc.

( 21 )

*Cla.* Wee are going to the Physick Garden at the City gate end.

*Coz.* Please you Ladies wee'l wait upon you thither.

*Plot.* What say you Madam?

*Luc.* Pardon us Sir, not for want of Love or respect but fear of our Fathers meeting us, or some of his Acquaintance, wee desire to be excus'd.

*Cla.* Besides it may be a means to obstruct our future appointment.

*Coz.* You counsele well Lady.

*Plot.* I must confess that love is ill grounded that destroyes it self through ignorance, yet Ladies ere we part let us beg the happiness of your company to take a glas of wine, here is a private Tavern at hand, besides your Masques blinds all discovery whatsoever.

*Luc.* Though Sir to grant your request is a thing as unusual with us, as those that never did, yet to assure you of the good esteem I have of you and your company, for my part I consent.

*Cla.* Then I must yeild too.

*Coz.* You honour us.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter presently again in a Tavern with a drawer.*

*Plot.* Please to name your wine Ladies.

*Luc.* VVhat you like best Sir.

*Plot.* Canary I esteem.

*Luc.* 'Tis granted.

*Draw.* Canary: you shall Sir.

*Exit Drawer.*

*Plot.* Now Lady we are blest above the proudest of our former wishes, this happiness was like a thing desired but far from expectation, as men forlorn and wretched being content to dye and sure to suffer, wish to live, although they fully do

Plot. West. the  
drawer.  
**Dr. Park** (1871-1872)  
Plot. WYOMING  
**Dr. Young**  
Plot. N.Y.  
Plot. Vt.  
dinner and  
Zion  
Sierra  
Glen Canyon  
Plot.

*Plot.* What thinkst you of an Aire or two,  
*Coz.* Two good not do much amiss.

*Plot.* Ho Drawer,

Enter *Drawer*.

*Dr.* Your will Sir.

*Plot.* Are the old Musicians in the house?

*Dr.* Yes Sir.

*Plot.* Employed?

*Dr.* No Sir.

*Plot.* Send them in,

*Dr.* I shall sir.

*Plot.* Now Ladies are you for a melancholly Love story,  
 or a merry Tavern catch?

*Luc.* O fy, Love in a Tavern is as ridiculous as wine in an  
 Alchouse.

exit *Drawer*.

Enter *Musicians*.

*Plot.* Then come musicians lets hear the Tavern catch I  
 gave you when I was here last.

*Mu.* Yes Sir.

The Song.

Come let us bee frolick and call for our ti ple,  
 Our pockets we'l empty & our veins we will fill  
 For Sack we'l not lack, nor will we be grieple  
 But carouse in despite of the two Topped Hill

Parnassus shall pass us

Chorus. Nor will we enquire  
 For the front of the Musses  
 Tis Sack we desire.

F

Let

Let the Frenchman delight in his white wine & red  
 His vinide paree is the pitiful good ton houn T.  
 Tis the brave Spanish liquor that brings us to bed,  
 It charms all our senses and frees us from feare.

Cho. Wee'll banish the Rhumish,  
 White Metheglin and brown,

Tis Sack we do love, so let it go downe, they about round.

Plot. How like you this?

Luc. }  
 and } Very well.

Cla. }

Plot. Theres for your pains.

Coz. Theres somthing more. more money.

Mu. Thank you Gentlemen. gives money.

Plot. Farewel, Exeunt Musicians,  
 my heart misgives me. softly to Cozen.

Coz. I am somthing startled too. softly agen to Plot.

Plot. Hang't now we are in we must through.

Luc. Come, come Gentlemen, undersavour this whispering  
 I fear portends no good.

Coz. No hurt Ile assure you.

*They draw the Ladies severally into two back roomes.*

Luc. Whether tend you Sir.

Plot. Only into the inner room Madam for more air.

Cla. Your meaning.

Coz. Very harmleis. Exeunt.

*Enter Drawer half drunk.*

Dr. Now while they are whispering may I civilly steal a  
 glass

glass of wine or two : I have enough I confess : but the Proverb saies *enough will have more*, and I will not cross it, yet this Canary is such a parlous liquor twill turn you a mans head so long round that at last it will set it where his heels should be (drunk) as for example.

*reels.*

*A Bell rings within.*

*But stand up Zachary the Bell does ring,  
I dare not stay delay does danger bring.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Plot. and Luci.*

*Luc.* For shame sir cease to prosecute a suit so beneath your worth, and prejudicial to my reputation : I must not hear you.

*Plot.* What a misery is this to be forbiden to complain.

*Enter Coren and Clara.*

*Clu.* Fie as you are a Gentleman urge it no more.

*Core.* Reflect upon my misery and imitate the Gods in mercy.

*Clu.* Rather the Fiends should it be so.

*Luc.* I can now think you no better then a counterfeit Atheist that would desire thus to allure me from my purity.

*Clu.* The Gods see every thing : Nature nor Art can any thing conceal from them.

*Luc.* Should I be guilty of so foul a fault, I should impoverish my self to nothing banckarupting my good Name and reputation, which who wants is a companion for such wild people as never heard the Name of virtue, riches are fortunes trifles, neither to be despised nor doted on, but well us'd.

*Poor virtue is most rich, and virtue in self  
Was by the Antients held the greatest wealth.*

*Plot. In your discourse you are too much a Stoick.*

*Coz. Young Ladies should not be so utterly void of all compassion.*

*Luc. I must leave you.*

*Plot. Not without hope of comfort, let me but taste of that which Crowns you famous, your Virginity.*

*Luc. It trespasses on my Modesty to hear you, come sister.*

*offers to go out.*

*Plot. Stay Ladies.*

*Luc. You have chang'd your countenance, your looks now promise you civil.*

*Cla. You are somthing a'tered too.*

*to Coz.*

### *Plot and Coz kneels.*

*Plot. Ladies thus low we bend, and rather wish our knees grafted to the ground, then rise without a double pardon: not only to forgive but to forget.*

*Coz. Yet thus much wee'l say on our own behalfs, we had no end or aim to do as we desired, but find away to search out your affections.*

*Luc. 3  
and 3 Can this be true?*

*Cla. 3*

*Plot. 3  
and 3 As Oracle.*

*Coz. 3*

*Luc. Then rise.*

*Here then does all our former love rejoyn.*

*Pray heaven yours may be as pure as mine.*

*Plot.*

*Plot.* If ere I move the like attempt again  
Impute me not the base, but mark of men.

*Clara.* I love you now as well as ere I did  
Pray heaven you love me so, heau'st forbid.

But that I should.

*Plot.* Since now we have vow'd a constant faith on all sides,  
I think it requisite to work a means to compleat our happiness.

*Luc.* That we must leave to you.

*Plot.* But we'll plainly tell you, least hereafter you repent,  
we have no worldly fortune but what our outsides promise :  
yet within you'll find honest hearts.

*Luc.* That's sufficient.

*Cla.* My Father has Gold enough.

*Coz.* I and has the wit to keep it close enough.

*Luc.* Phew, have you no trick for that ?

*Plot.* Troth I have a brain seldom empty of invention,  
I'll set my wheeles a working and make tryal of one ex-  
ploit.

*Cla.* Sister we shall be late home.

*Luc.* I go, Gentlemen farewell good fortune speed your  
study.

*Coz.* We shall attend you on the morrow.

*Luc.* We shall expect you.

*Exeunt* Lucibella and Clara.

*Coz.* Now we are new men.

*Plot.* New married men that shall be shortly, well may we  
thrive no worse in that state then we have in the Batchelors  
and are happy still.

*Coz.* But we waste time.

*Plot.* True we have deep chests to dive into; it requires a  
great deal of cunning to contrive it honestly, or at least with-  
out the Bar plea Fellowship.

*This*

~~This once done~~~~The fools are themes, and our loves are wonne.~~

Excuse

## Finis Actus Tertii.

## Act fourth. Scene the First.

Euf. Convey this Letter Coz. unto my Lord Gonzerro,  
you know his lodgings, deliver it into his own  
hands.

Boy. Uncle I shall.

exit Boy.  
Euf What grudge in thee procures the new grown hate  
Of thy Eminencia? what unhappy fate  
Has fix'd her hearts against thee, O that she  
Should violate her vowes of Confancy,  
To make me miserable? I see were fit  
That Lovers vows upon the sands were writ.

Enter Florentio Plotthrift and Cozen;

What are these? I must be gone.

Flo. Your compa<sup>n</sup> Gentlemen does oblige me much.

Plot. Alas excuse us Sir, it is not such

Is worth your thanks much less your obligation

Think it but worthy of your acceptation

And you will highly honour us finer we know

For your favours many thanks we due, in show on which

Flo. Come lets not further complements

Your love to me extends all recompence

I have a suit to you,

Plot. Name it and 'tis granted if to be

Within compass of my capacity.

Or my Friends.

Coz.

*Coz.* Most willingly.

*Flo.* I doubt it not Sir.

I have a friend deeply engaged (indeed contracted) to the Lady Armenia, you know her questionless.

*Coz.* The Lord Gonzetti's Deity.

*Flo.* The same my question is whether you think her inclinable to *Gonzetto* or any other?

*Plot.* Troth I think indifferent to any, but a little bending to *Gonzetto* by reason of the weight of riches he throws on her.

*Flo.* Very probable.

*Coz.* But he's fire all over for her.

*Flo.* 'Tis hotly reported so sir.

*Plot.* Pardon me sir that I dive into your thoughts, the Gentleman you speak of is as I presume your friend by name *Eusames*. I am bold in explaining, but assure your self and him sir, if he be his friend and Agent and can do much with Armenia, and will.

*Flo.* In so doing you will oblige two friends at once, the one sick of Love and dispair : the other of sorrow for his friends misfortunes. I was once his poor Agent too, and then she promised faithfully to embrace him with all former love and respect : but she had no sooner set her eye upon this glistering Lord but she forgets her vowes as if they were of no consequence.

*Plot.* I know all circumstances, I will be very serviceable and I hope succesful, I shall loose opportunities, therefore for the present farewell.

*Flo.* To morrow sir ile waite on you, till then adieu.

*excuse severally.*

## Scen second.

Enter Eusamis as in a field.

How am I over press'd? 'ween hope and fear!

Tis past the time and yet he is not here.

Would he would come.

— Delays in misery and love,

Would breed impatience in Olympick Jove.

Enter Gonzetto.

O here he is: I joy you are come Sir.

Gon. Yes I am, draw They fight Gonzetto stampsEuf. I am ready. and enters a Guard.

Gon. Secure him in Fetters till further order.

Guard. We shall my Lord. exit Gonzetto.

Euf. Ha! is it so base Gonzetto.

Guard. You are bold Sir.

Euf. You are impudent Bandogs, how am I conquered with oppression! If you are men of civility permit a Gentleman a minutes consideration, your reward shall not be wanting and the limits I'm now confin'd in, is a sufficient security for me your prisoner.

Guard. We will oblige you so fat Sir.

Euf. Do so and I'll be grateful.

Unfortunate Eusamis.

Who hast endur'd the raging of the sea  
 To enjoy two blessings Love and Liberty  
 And art no sooner well arriv'd on shore  
 But both are lost as much as was before.

*The guard withdraws.*

Actme

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Arm'd Gods, with patience and content,  
Manly to undergo Imprisonment.

Act IV. Sc. 3.

Enter Guard.

Guard!

Now ile walk with you : my guard is strong  
This is too sharp'sure to continue long.

Exeunt.

---

### Scene third.

Enter Plotthrist and Cozen.

Coz. I have heard much of him.

Plot. He is our Country-man, and of rare endowments, genteel Parentage, and heir to a good fortune, had it not been consumed by his Parents, for which poor wretch he suffers.

Coz. She's very cruel to slight him, and settle her affections elsewhere considering the contract.

Plot. I shall plead Scripture and prick her conscience. I fear ere she and I part,

Coz. Do so, ile work the way cross on my Lords side farewell.

Plot. Adeiu Coz. *exit Cozen, enter Florentio*

Flo. Well met again Sir.

Plot. I was just a going to the Lady.

Flo. 'Tis too little purpose I fear.

Plot. The reason.

Flo. Why Eufames out of a mad vein this Even. challeng'd Gonzetto who met him with a Guard and clapt him up.

Plot. Yet not a pin the worse : for you shall see.

To morrow Morn he's at liberty.

G

Flo.

Flo. It will be welcome news. Plot. Well said it was.  
If I'm deceiv'd I'll never trust a plot.

Exeunt.

## Scen: fourth.

Enter Ermenia and Priscilla.

Erm. Tis strange.

Pris. Tis true Madam.

We meet it in the vulgar mouth : besides,

I had it from the Captain of the guard

Who by command surprized Eusomes prisoner.

Erm. Leave me.

exit Pris.

So strange & boldness is familiar

With men of noble Births, that though they fall

So low, that others think 'em worthless ; yet

They of themselves still hold the same esteem.

And (what this Age thinks most ridiculous)

Behave themselves as high, though not so wealthy.

Such is Eusomes fate : whose love at first,

Entertain'd, because 'twas as rich as great :

But now being fall'n from his high estate,

Still thinks himself as worthy of my love

As er'e : yet somthing I fain would do.

Enter Plotthrift.

Plot. Well met Madam.

Ex. Thank you Sir.

Plot. I am come to chide you Madam, pardon me.

Erm.

*Erm.* To chide me sir ? *Plot.* I you Madam, you once lov'd a Gentleman named

*Erm.* O heavens ! is my breach of sacred Covenants made common.

*Plot.* Nay and was contracted to him.

*Erm.* Too true indeed !

*Plot.* Too true ! nay ne're repent : although his fortunes low, had you but given him content he might have rais'd himself, indeed I needs must blame you.

*Erm.* Proceed no further good sir, I am touch'd to the quick, and heaven knowes I am somthing troubled.

*Plot.* Somthing, it must be altogether ere I leave you Madam, recall that love you have settled on *Gonzetto*, and render it to *Eufanes* as his due : he poor man languishes in prison for love of you by base *Gonzetto's* means, spend no time in recanting but use your utmost endeavour to gain his liberty.

*Erm.* in a Maze wakes.

*Erm.* I can hear no more.

*Plot.* S'lid but you shall ! unnatural woman could you think the Gods had no blessing in store for his great virtue ? whose merit could purchase heaven it self.

(Reverently spoke)

*Erm.* Pray leave and hear me.

*Plot.* O are you touch'd,

Hear me ? what can you say ; alas ! invention's barren in your cause, a double fee cou'd not procure one word to stand in your defence. Did you not vow, protest and swear your self a real votareis to his desires ? Did he not with a true and faithful heart when he was in his height of happiness honour & serve you. And do you think it now reason sufficient to slight and disaffect him because fortune at present frowns upon him ?

ha! do you think there's desert in nought but infamy? O un-  
worthy! your corrupt soul belies your form and beauty; and  
ere I go ile cleanse it, if that your breast be penetrable to ought  
that's good. *Exe.* O base! howe'nd you art envied! O *Exe.*

*Erm.* O no more!

Why should you ring and twise that heart that is already  
broke, I love Eusame and though o'reput'd a while, I have  
not signifi'd the force of passion as I was wont, yet be shall  
soon apprehend a sudden thaw in that affection which he pre-  
sumed was totally another. *Exe.* I could fling about I brotni *Exe.*  
*Plot.* Noble maid! *Exe.* Loog *Exe.* on *Exe.* *Plot.* *Exe.*

Pardon the harsh conjecture that I made, ile use no more  
for fear my fond conceit fall into relapse, I leave you, and  
with such a blessing as dying Fathers give their only sons, or  
Saints to their penetrant votaries. *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.*

*Erm.* Worthy Eusame, unto whom I owe all that joy to have

*All that my utmost bounty can bestow!* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.*

I will be plain and real in my love

Which may thy anger yet thy pardon move:

In holy writ, many did choose by art

A sacrifice, but nothing like a broken heart. *Exe.*

### Seen fifth.

Enter Avarissus with a Letter Lucibella Clara.

*Ava.* **G**One to England. *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.*  
*Luc.* 'Tis very true sir. *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.*  
*Ava.* Her letter declares that discontent caused her sudden  
departure, I hope neither of you were unkind to her.

*Luc.* I hope she speaks of no such thing. *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.* *Exe.*

*Gla.* Rightly she cannot  
*Ava.* I'm somthing troubled : but must wave it, this is a day appointed for other considerations : a happy day for your Daughters, that must make your fortunes : my great care has wrought it, and yours must be as great to entertain it : they are gentlemen at all points, that when you are married will love, embrace and chain themselves to your observance : nay a great part of their Estates too are tyed in a joynture which makes up the harmony, you are contented girls are you not ?

*Luc.* A Husbands welcome, and as an humble wife I'll entertain him ( but not the Him you mean ) the gentleman I have well observed, and he may please too : It is your pleasure I should make him mine, and it has been still my duty to observe you.

*Gla.* I sit as obediently submit to your pleasure in embracing Cornelio.

*Ava.* Good girls, come lets go in then : I love your modesties to morrow I hope you'll look more womealy.

*Exeunt.*

## Scen. Sixth.

*Enter Gonzetto reading a Letter.*

*My Lord !*

Pardon me that I am a little retir'd, the cause shall be made evident to your honour on the morrow being my Cozens wedding day : I have inform'd my Uncle by letter that I am gone towards England, if he acquaint you therewith, pray contradict it not, nor yet fear but at his house to morrow I will meet

meet your embraces, I am and will be more

Your Honours at command  
Armenia.

Well 'tis honestly done, but pish Armenia can't be false :  
so much beauty cannot harbour a double heart, I see it is not  
wealth nor riches can purchase a fair soul, nor had my presence  
of gold ere gain'd a smile, had not the influence of my Agents  
eloquence work'd it. O happy man am I that shall possess  
that matchless beauty Venice can boast off, that honest heaven-  
ly heart that can't withdraw a while but must acquaint her love  
and Lord. Well Cozen thou that hast been the Author of my  
endless bliss expect a high reward.

Enter Cozen;

See here he is, welcome my noble friend, claim the per-  
formance of that high promised reward I gave thee, upon con-  
dition thou couldst any way win Armenia to marry me, see  
here her hand to confirm this same. *Shows the letter.*

Coz. I hope by this my Lord you are assur'd she was not  
courted slightly.

Gon. No thou hast been diligent and work's effectually, my  
hand and seal to the Deputy of my Exchequer for five hundred  
Crownes shall be thy recompence within there Pego.

Enter Pego.

Peg. My Lord.

Gon. Ink and paper,

Peg. 'Tis at hand my Lord.

A table set forth with  
parchment and paper.

Gon. writes a note and gives it to Cozen.

Gon. Take that and with a promise upon my honour to ad-  
vance the upon any request.

*Gaz.* Your Honours bountiful, and for my part I must make an humble acknowledgment, such is my obligation to the merit that I should think my best of labours crown'd in that Act could serve you.

*Gon.* Thou art honest and excellent, I shall see you to-morrow questionless at the Nuptials.

*Coz.* 'Tis very likely.

*Gon.* Till then farewell.

*exit* Gonzetto.

*Coz.* Good day to your Lordship.

*Now Plotrist if thou thru'ft as well as I,  
'Tis a compleat'd piece of Roguery.*

*Exit.*

## Scen seventh.

*Eusames in prison.*

*Unto the Man imprisoned, black and obscure is the clear beauty of the brightest day : through Iron grates he only sees the light, and thereby does encrease his misery. Those whom he doth perceive in joy to pass, augment his wretchedness by making him to think that thus I lately was my self. But may I dye abhor'd by mankind if I repine at all. Arm ye gods my love with constancy of mind that she may never forget the love of her Eusames. O Ermenia ! the exquisitest tortures that by invention etc were made, for the I would think sports and undergoe.*

*Mayest thou live happily and free from care  
And all my miseries of no momentare.*

*Enter*

Aske I say ym fot her dammed gosold my asy  
or goyngholde. Enter Jaylor and Ementis in wans habis?

Jas. There he is Sir.

Er. Thers for thy kindness Jaylor.

Jas. Thank you sir.

Er. How do you sir.

Eus. Well.

Er. Not so well as I could wish you.

Eus. As well as I could wish my self and that's sufficient,  
you are mistaken sir in me, I am no base metal to be chang'd  
at every puff of wind : imprisonment is the least of terrors to  
daunt a true courageous heart.

Er. Nay be not so hasty : I kindly come to visit you;

Eus. I kindly thank you then.

Enter Gouzetto.

Gon. So sir are you speaking to Eusames  
sorry yet for your late desperate rudeness.

Eus. Sorry ! noile nere be sorry had I a term of life and li-  
berty could last for ever, and you could give it me yes and  
would, for all or more i'de nere be reconcil'd to bale Gonze-  
to's, as ignoble in heart, as made noble by thy Titles.

Enter Jaylor.

Gon. Jaylor.  
Double fetter him,

Er. You are too cruel sir.

Gon. You speak in vain sir.

Er. 'Tis against the Law: he is no Fellow.

Gon. It shall be done.

Er.

*Eru.* It shall. *Gon.* It shall, you are too bold.

*Er.* No more then I can justifie. *Jaylor* forbear: look there high swelling Lord.

*Thrones him Eusames his pardon purchased from the Duke.*

*Euf.* My pardon purchas'd by a stranger: 'tis very strange!

*Er.* 'Tis very true.

*Gon.* Well Jaylor you may release him. *exit Gon.*

*Er.* O thank your honour for nothing.

*Euf.* Sir for this your christian courtisie with many thanks my best of services are indebted to your kindness, and all too little to make the least part of requital, yet withall let me intreat one addition of your love: in telling me how ot which way you heard of my imprisonment, and upon what groudns you grew so kind to procure my pardon.

*Er.* I heard of your imprisonment by the relation of a friend of yours named *Florentio* to a friend of mine, one Mr. *Plotthrift* by whose perswasion and my own pitty of your sufferrings, I obtained this grant from the Duke for your liberty, more I have to tell you, lets out of this Goal and you shall know all.

*Euf.* Thus heaven has still a friend in store for those  
That have but honest hearts though fiery foes.

*Exeunt*

## Scen eight.

*Enter Plotthrift, Aquinto and Cornelio.*

*Plot.* Now Gentlemen judge you whether I have not been very serviceable.

*Aquin.* In that nature that really I think half my Estate a morgage to you.

H

Cos

*Cor.* Indeed I did not doubt your prevailing at the long run, but in so short a time that your expedition deserves a double reward.

*Aquin.* My brother and I ere long shall study to requite you, but in the interim pray accept of a few crowns in this bag.

*Plot.* Well Gentlemen I thank you, and if the like or any other service lyes in me to obliege you, you may command it, for the present ile take my leave.

*Aquin.* Are you in haste pray? if your occasions will permit, wee intreat your good company to a glass of excellent wine at a friends house of mine at the other end of the town.

*Plot.* All other concerns in me are laid aside to serve you.

*Aquin.* Come then we'll call on my Father *Avarisius* and thither presently.

*Cor.* withal my heart.

*Plot.* So my design is laid: but 'tis the end  
of all crowns the work: so fortune be my friend.

*Exeunt;*

Finis Actus quarti.

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### Act fifth Scen first.

Enter Cozen, Florentio and Eusumes disguised  
with wizards.

*Coz.* I wonder they come not.

*Flo.* 'Tis very late.

*Euf.* Are we set right?

*Coz.* Exactly in the place appointed.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Hush I hear a trampling.

*Enter Plotthrift with a bag and Avaritius.*

*Ava.* Heaven send us safe home, they did ill to leave us and cross the fields so late.

*Plot.* Come sir fear not what small defence my sword and service may be to you shall not be wanting.

*Ava.* Your bag of money there, may cause some danger : and we have robbing spirits walk the streets at this time of night.

*Plot.* You are very timorous Sir.

*They walk off the stage and on agen, and they seize on them.*

*Coz.* Deliver all your money, or you are dead men.

*Ava.* O Murder, murder, murder !

*Flo.* Nay we'll stop your mouthing.

*Plot.* Hellhounds what Devil has stir'd you to this madness.

*Eaf.* Nay we are not so mad to contend but deliver.

*They take away his bag.*

*Plot.* Villains redeliver my money or take my life and all, or ile have yours. *draws and fightis with two.*

*The other bind Avaritius.*

*Ava.* Nay pray Gentlemen spare my life and take all I have.

*Coz.* No sir first weel stop your mouth. *gags him.*

*Plotthrift has routed two and comes and routs the third.*

*Plot.* Now villain for you.

*They fight a great while  
and at last Coz. runs*

*Plot.*

Plo:thrist ungages and raises Avaricius;

*and I have given you a due sum to hold you.*

Plot. Come Sir take courage I have sav'd your life though  
to my lossof ahundred crowns.

Ava. Sir I thank you and if a thousand can make you amends you shall have them.

Plot. No Sir ile only desire your hand being a Justice of the peace, to a small paper which will benefit a friend of mine in a high manner.

Ava. That I would most thankfully were I but at home.

Plot. Come Sir ile see you safe at home ile warrant you.

Ava. I thank you good sir, heaves keep of a second brunt.

Plot. Nere fear it sir.

Ava. Will they not meet us agen now.

Plot. O'tis not imaginable, they are all desperately wounded and they'l hold it the safer way to cure those then to come and get more.

Ava. You have a lucky hand.

*exaudi.*

## Seen. sceond.

Enter Lucibella, Clara and Ermenia in mans habit.

Luc. Cozen I much commend you, and much more love you now then ever I did.

Clz. Your joyes will now increase; never fear it. But breach of contracts is a second hell.

Luc. What though his fortunes are at present low, when he

he int'groses content and happiness in you, you'll quickly see his virtues soon will raise him, I shall wish you much joy in him.

*Cla.* And so shall I.

*Er.* I thank you both, and the like I shall wish you in your elections.

*Luc.* Why I, wee never stood wavering, but as soon as we lovd a little struck up a blind bargain presently.

*Cla.* Wee found they were wits and they'll never leave working till they get wealth enough ile warnt you.

*Er.* But how will you get your portions of your father if you marry against his will.

*Duc.* O we never fear that the wheels of their Noddles are working for that design.

*Cla.* You shall see we'll be married to morrow morn, my Father well pleased by noon, we sporting in bed at night, and as loath to rise early next morn, as any two couple in Christendome.

*Er.* Well ile pluck up a good spirit too, make a third couple, and see if I can be serv'd the same sauce.

*Luc.* Gramercy Girl.

*Cla.* Hush my father knocks.

*Luc.* Up to my chamber.

*Er.* I'm gone.

*exit* Armenia.

*Enter Avaritius and Plotthrift.*

*Ava.* O girls had it not been for this courteous Gentleman I had been kil'd.

*Luc.* }  
and }  
*Cla.* Kill'd.

*Ava.*

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Ava. I kill'd we were set upon by Rogues, Villains, Thieves  
but this Gentleman I thank him preserv'd me though to his loss  
of an hundred Crowns. Here *Luci* take my key of my desk,  
there lies a bag of two hundred or thereabouts fetch it.

Luc. I run sir.

Ava. Clara call my man bid him bring ink and paper.

Cl. I shall sir.

*exit Clara.*

Ava. Pray sir sit down and assure your self whatsoever  
lies in poor *Avaritus* his power to oblige you, you may  
freely command, for this never to be forgotten courtesy.

Plot. Pray sir impute this no such obligation, I was bound  
in nature to defend you.

Ava. O Complement no more, can you oblige me more  
then save my life from murdering Rebels? no 'tis impossible.  
Then life nothing more dear.

Enter Lucibella with a bag of money, Clara, Priscilla and  
servant with a Table, standish and paper.

Ava. Here accept of this in part of future recompence.

Plot. You are liberall sir.

Ava. Now sir if you'll please to produce your paper ile set  
my hand *produces a large paper.*

Plot. Please you ile read it to you first sir.

Ava. No that will be too tedious, only tell me in two or  
or three words what it means.

Plot. Why a friend of mine lately tax'd with a scurvy busi-  
ness and suspicitionly imprison'd, this is a narrative of his birth  
and education, to which if you will be pleas'd to set your  
hand, as knowing him it may be a means to procure his Li-  
berty.

Ava. That I will willingly, lets see the pen. *to his man.*

*He signs to the paper.*

Plot.

*Plot.* Pray sir your hand for a witness. to his man.  
*Ser.* What ist sir. *Ava.* Sirrah don't dispute but write  
 your hand.

*Ser.* I shall sir.

*Plot.* And yours Madam.

*Pris.* Yes sir.

*Ava.* Sir for to night I bid you farewell. 'Tis very late  
 and I am very sleepy. exit Avaritius Servant and  
*Priscilla.*

*Plot.* Be sure be ready. Is *Ermensis* above.

*Luc.* Yes.

*Plot.* Within this hour Ie call.

*Cla.* Wee'l be ready.

*Plot.* Farewell my Dear.

*Luc.* Adeiu Love till anon.

*Cla.* Farewell Brother.

*Plot.* Now fortune ile adore thee, thou hast been my Friend  
 indeed. Thou hast sign'd me a deed that renders me a noble  
 estate, fair *Encabella* with thirty thousand Crowns is mine,  
 the like has *Cozen* with his *Clara*, my stolen hundred Crowns  
 are doubled too, we'll ile to my theiving comrogues and then  
 go find out a Priest.

*exit Luc. and Clara.*

*Propitious Heavens by this plots success.  
 Plothrift is rais'd to an endless happiness.*

Exit.

Scen.

## Scen. third.

Enter Cozen, Florentio and Eusanes.

Coz. Excellent.

Flo. Good.

Eus. Ha ha ha.

Coz. How favourly the old man smelt when we went about to faggot him.

Flo. How like an Owl in an Ive-bush the Rogue look'd when wee tyed him neck and heels.

Eus. And made ugly faces when we gag'd him.

Flo. O he prayes for his deliverance,

Coz. Plotthrift ile warrant you will be his bosome friend, and he has cunning enough to squeez him.

Flo. His hundred crowns ile warrant you are doubled.

Coz. They are made thousands by this time I hope or he misses of his aim.

Enter Plotthrift.

Flo. See here he is.

Plot. Ha ha ha ! Hellhounds what Devil tis'd you to this madnes ? ha, ha, ha !

Om. Ha, ha, ha !

Coz. How fares the old man ?

Plot. O orejoyed that he's delivered : Gentlemen you are notable rogues and shall be my bosome friends as I am his, see here a slender reward that he has given me.

Coz. How Lucibela with thirty thousand crowns.

Plot. I think 'tis thirty, I'me sure twa's writ at length because I wou'd not be mistaken, look agen.

Coz.

*Cos.* The like to me with *Clara*, O happiness beyond expression! let me hug thee for thy cunning!

*Plot.* I think I have plotted fairly, now nothing is wanting but a priest, the Girls are ready at a call.

*Euf.* Is my *Ermenia* with them.

*Plot.* Yes!

*Euf.* Then Sir to you I owe my life: you have loaded me with so many several obligations that I am ready to sink under their weight, and could my wishes but convert themselves into effects it should be my ambition to signify myself an object worthy of your favours, till then I am your everlasting debtor.

*Plot.* You are bountiful in expression, I am more than paid in your favourable acceptance. But come lets go 'tis high time of day.

*Flo.* I can direct you to a priest.

*Plot.* You will oblige us, lead the way you must be Father to us all.

*Flo.* Withall my heart,

*exceunt.*

## Scene fourth.

*Enter* Luci, Clara, Erm, Pris.

*Luc.* Sure some ill fortune has betided them or crost'd their designs.

*Clas.* Ha, ha, fearful *Lacibella*? fie for shame!

*Erm.* Better be fearful then fool hardy.

*Luc.* *Pris.* watch at the window, before you do not nod, but give us true warning.

*Clas.* Do so *Priscilla*.

*Pris.* I shall be careful:

I

*Clas.*

*Cla.* Come wenches what are you for singing or dancing.

*Luc.* 'Tis the maddest wench, fear nothing, ture thy love is not real, else it cou'd not be so void of fear.

*Cla.* Well I am resolv'd to sing a song, we are all alone, and 'tis one of my own composure.

*Luc.* Prithee forbear.

*Cla.* Troth but I will, ide have you do the same and so take leave of singing clear, 'twill not belong I hope ere we loose our voices.

*Luc.* How wildely she talks?

*Esm.* Come Cozen, begin.

*Cla.* A comely youth I once beheld

*A bathing in a river*

*Where brais my passions rebell'd*

*And storbi my heart and liver.*

*Such might Narcissus beauties be,*

*But scarce so clear so white as he,*

*I'veiv'd each part, and so*

*Saw somthing down below.*

*Whish made my mind and heart a ramblinggo*

*High! ho.*

Enter Plot, Elo, Eusam, Coz.

*Plot.* I'm glad ye are so metry Ladies.

*Cla.* I'm sorry your so nere Gentlemen.

*Cor.* Come 'tis not time now to chat each minuits worth  
an hour, come away away.

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Scen fifth.

Enter Avaritus, Cook, Butler, and Chamber-maid.

Ava. MY Masters pray be wary and serviceable, Cook see all your sauces be sharp and poynant In the pallat, that they may commend you : look to the roast and boyl'd meat handsomly, and what new kickshaws and other delicate things you made. Is the Musick come ?

But. Yes sir they are at breakfast.

Ava. There will be dancing too, you must see this room clean : Butler let your door be opon to all good fellows, but have an eye to the Plate for their be Furies. Peg you are for the linnen, sort it and seekit ready for the Table, and see the Bride beds made, and see the cords be not cut assunder by the Gallants too, there be such knacks abroad, so go in all to your severall duties.

exit.

I now begin to remember I sign'd a certain writing to Mr. Plothrift last night, but what it was I know not. Zachary.

Enter Zachary.

Zachary what writing was it Mr. Plothrift desired me to set my hand too : did you see it ?

Zac. No sir ?

Ava. No sir, and why no sir ?

Zac. Because he told you what it was and you was satisfied and bid me set my hand.

Ava. Vwhat did he tell me It was.

Zac. A Narrative of a Gentleman's condition in prison.

Ava. What, I set my hand to warrant him before me.

Zac. Some such thing sir.

Ava. Very likely : go in.

exit Zachary.

*Enter Gonzetto, Aquinto, and Cornelio.*

*Ava.* My noble Lord most hearty welcome: good morrow noble Bridegroom.

*Aquia.* Thank you father, are your Daughters ready? and 'tis high time for to send for the Priest.

*Car.*

*Ava.* Not yet I think: have a little patience and they'll come down presently ile warrant you, but my Lord you have not heard of my Nieces departure.

*Gon.* Yes sir indeed to my great grief, I sorrow much for her absence; but now perforce must study to forget I ever saw her,

*Ava.* She went away abruptly, without taking her leave I know no reason for't, but come my Lord and Sons that quickly must be will you walk into a glass of wine.

*Aquia and Cor.* We attend you.

### Scen sixth.

*Enter Plotthrift, Lucibella, Clara, Eusamēs Ermenia.*

*in mans habit Florentio and Preist.*

*Plot.* HO! house! who's within!

*Enter Zachary.*

*Zac.* Who would you speak with?

*Plot.* Wher's your Master within?

*Zac.* Yes Sir.

*Plot.* Id'e desire to speak a word with him,

*Enter Avaricius.*

*A.* Here he is sir:

*Plot.* Sir your servant I come to beg a boon of you.

*Ava.* My life ! no sooner ask'd but granted, name it.

*Plot.* I take you at your word Sir, thank you, be pleased to give me and my friend joy with your daughters.

*Ava.* Why are you married ?

*Plot.* This grave Gentleman will satisfie you if you doubt it.

*Ava.* Abus'd cheated, gull'd, abus'd my daughters lost and undone.

*Enter Gonzetto, Aquinto and Cornelio.*

*Aquin.* How your daughters lost and undone.

*Ava.* I married to Vagabonds, Sychophants, and I know not whom !

*Plot.* Your servant Seniors, we have the Ladies.

*Coz.* Your servant Seniors, we have the Ladies.

*Euf.* Your servant my Lord I have the Lady.

*Ern* discovers.

*Gon.* 'sdeath ! — *in a maze.*

Am I awake, I vow to send some to their eternal rest. And make 'em sleep for ever ? — *draws.*

*Plot.* Pray sir be well adviz'd, consider first what plea you have to commit this outrage, your honour Sir can't bear you out in't.

*Coz.* Sir what is done was by *Avaritius* free consent, so that if you find your selves abus'd in any particular : 'twas cheifly done by him.

*Ava.* By me ? tis false, my Lord discredit him, mere cheats and imposters !

*Plot.* Come sir to satisfie you and all these Gentlemen whose misled opinions thought us unerly the actors and contrivers in this plot, see here. *produces the writings.*

*Thefe*

These with your own hand sign'd and seal'd in the presence  
of *Lucibella*, *Clara* and *Pris.* besides *Zacharias*, *Tobit* your  
clerk, what say ye all i'th' not true?

*Ava.* 'Tis undeniable.

*Ava.* How!

*Cla.* Most true an't shall like you sir.

*Pris.* I must confirm it too.

*Ava.* O patience!

*Cor.* Troth this is very well, 'tis true I alwaies thought she  
had too much wit for me.

*Aquin.* Well Heavens be thanked we bear not all the  
baffle on our own backs, well —

*Plot.* I am only sorry you spent so much cull'd courtship  
to so little purpose

*Aquin.* I must bear it.

*Gon.* I could rage too, but 'twill be to full as little effect,  
come Justice you ought to bear it best of all, Pox on't, this 'tis  
when old men must trolick and be drunk at the Tavern, eou'd  
you haue kept your self sober on your daughters wedding e-  
ven, all had been well then, but now let things go how they  
will, Gentlemen I wish you as much joy with your Ladies as  
I expected.

*All.* We thank ye, *Plot.* Come father in Law lets hear as  
much from you. We'll maintain your daughters according to  
their birth and fortunes.

*Coz.* That we will.

*Euf.* And I your Neece according to my abillity, and what  
is wanting in that, ile make up with love and good husbandry.

*Ava.* VVhy this is some comfort, Gentlemen pardon me,  
I must be contented : well I forgive and give you my daugh-  
ters freely, and with them their portions of thirty thousand  
crowsn a peice, you sir my Neece with twenty, and so my  
blessing with you all,

End

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Thank you dear Father, and pardon us that we have  
choos'd those whom we lov'd and hope to live with comfort.

*Ava.* I hope so too.

*Er.* My Lord I beg your excuse to Gonzetto.  
had I not been contracted ere I knew your Honor you had been  
the only man should have enjoyed me, and my last letter to you  
was only to oblige you to be here, to see how I am bestowed  
in which you have honored me and I humbly thank you.

*Gon.* Ermenia I am not so angry, but I can tell you that my  
love and esteem of you is still as great as ever, though I am de-  
barr'd that happiness of enjoying you: yet I wish you a life so  
circled in with joy, that you may never breath a sigh, and when  
you shall grow weary of the earth become Joves dotage and  
be Queen of heaven, come Gentlemen be to Aquin and Cor.  
not so uncharitable but give joy.

*Aquin.* }  
and      } No sir we wish all joy and happiness.

*Cor.*      }

*Plot.* VVe thank you, come lets have a dance or two and so  
to dinner.

*Coz.*      }  
and      } Agreed, agreed.

*Euf.*      }

*They dance.*

*Ava.* Well now,

*Lets into dinner, but first take my vogue,  
No Italian knowe like to an English Rogue.*

*Exeunt.*

T H E

# The Epilogue.

Spoken by a Messenger of State and Plot-thrift.

Mess. **P**lot-thrift Imposter! Thou must forthwith come  
Before the Council board: They have past a doom  
For thy Imprisonment. Upon Information  
Thou art a Rogue and Cozens the whole Nation,  
Only these Ladies smiles can set thee free  
But if they frown you must too Goal with me.

Plot. And baug my self for want of Liberty

How like you this Cor. At I am a sinner, An ill dish of News at a Wedding Dinner!

Ladies, Q dear Ladies, what shall I say Pox take that English Rogue that wriſt the Play?

Plot. Won't you be kind to smile and clap me too

Should y'e ask me I'de do as much for you.

Be not close fisted: Consider that it may

Be your own case to want another day

You may command me then and therapon

Ile faithfully repay you three for one.

Joyn all your forces now and set me free,

Ore score of Claps and I'm at liberty

(Clap)

To the Gentlemen.

H H Now Gentlemen I hope you'r satisfied  
On the same Covenants to clap my Bride.

(Clap agen)-

FINIS

Exeunt.